

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED
SWIMSUIT
MODEL
STEPHANIE
SEYMOUR
TAKES
OFF HER
SWIMSUIT**

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INTERVIEW WITH
AMERICA'S
BEST-SELLER
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KELLY**



By ASA BABER

Pssst! Hey, you. Yeah, you, the guy reading this column. You and I are engaged in a confidential transaction, did you know that? It's you and me and the printed page. There's no one else involved. Privacy? You have complete privacy here.

So let me ask you a question. I want you to give me an honest answer, no bullshit, no tap dance, no hiding and denying. The question is this: Are you a guy who fucks around?

Hey, stay cool. That question really makes you nervous, doesn't it? Relax. Nobody can hear us. It's just you and me, *amigo*. So let's try it again. Tell me, in all honesty, are you involved with more than one woman these days?

Come on, don't quibble with me. You ask, What *exactly* do I mean by "involved"? Well, it includes fucking, but it can also include sexual play. I am not talking harmless verbal flirtation or private personal fantasies here. I'm talking sex. Sexualized relationships. The question is simple: Are you wheeling and dealing with more than one woman?

How many women? Let's say a minimum of two women and a maximum of 2000. Does your range of activity fall within those numbers?

OK, it's clear that you don't want to talk about this. I understand. Believe me, I understand. Time was when I was promiscuous as hell and didn't want to talk about it, either. Time was when my name was Asa "Hello, I Love You, Can We Fuck Now?" Baber.

You know what I mean? Most guys know what I mean. It's what all our sheep and chicken jokes are based on. Our sexuality is humongous, and it takes a lot of energy and wisdom to contain it. As I've said before, the sexual energy of the normal male is the equivalent of a nuclear power plant.

Believe it or not, good brother, I think I have some limited wisdom about this question now. After many years of wrestling with it, I'd like to share something with you about promiscuity and the self-destruction it can bring.

It goes like this: Forget the scolds, forget the moralists who warn you of hell's fire and God's judgment if you stray. The fact of the matter is that fucking around is a self-destructive and self-limiting act. When you fuck around, you fuck yourself. It fragments your time and your psyche. When you fuck



A QUESTION OF FOCUS

around, you send a signal to yourself that basically says, "Go ahead and mess up your life, sucker; start juggling two or three women at a time and split yourself into pieces; go ahead, numbnuts, and complicate your life."

Let's tell it like it is: At that moment of rationalization, *you* are the victim of your own sexual confusion. *You* are the person who will become more and more divided as the complications pile up, the little white lies accumulate, the juggling continues. When you start to wander, *you* voluntarily take an ax and split yourself into pieces. You lose your focus. *That is the central problem with promiscuity. It divides the self.*

Care to share a few laughs about the complexities of having an affair on the side? It gets confusing, doesn't it? You have to remember names, for example. In your sleep and in your orgasms, you have to remember to call the right woman by the right name. "I'm with Nancy today," you mutter to yourself. "Don't call her Sylvia. Or Jane. This is Nancy."

Better be alert on the street, too, dickmeister. Sure, you hope the women in your life never get together and compare notes—but what if they all ran into you on the same street corner at the same time? What if the god of synchronicity decided to call your name? Did you ever have a dream about that?

All your women in touch with all your hypocrisy, and all standing at the same intersection as you arrive? You'd be mincemeat in about five seconds, right?

Told one way, it's kind of funny. Looked at another way, it is very revealing. What does it reveal? That mincemeat is what you're looking to be, superstud. For some deep and dark and personal reason, you want to be divided at this point in your life. You *want* to be out of focus. Why? That is the essential question that only you can answer. Here are a few of the many possible reasons:

1. *You crave excitement.* What, a life with no diversions or complications? How deadly dull. You have fun living by your wits. You enjoy the chase and the seduction, the small lies and manipulations, the thrill of hiding affairs and holding secrets. It makes you feel alive. A little split, but alive.

2. *You need nurturing.* No question about it, given today's pressures and pace, many a couple can fall off the bed of nurturing. Some people never get back on. So the search for nurturing is out there. You may be after it. But since when did splitting the self comfort you?

3. *The unfocused perspective is all you know.* To be focused and centered is scary for some of us. We don't necessarily know how to do it. We've been divided for too long. We fear the responsibility we would have to assume for our own actions if we had no crises in our lives, no melodramas, no women crying or arguing or scolding, no domestic distractions. Imagine: You, without excuses for failure, without the diversions that keep you from looking at yourself—could you handle that?

4. *For you, commitment is a dirty word.* For some people, possibly for you, commitment is obscene, especially the commitment to the focused self. That is what you want to avoid. Or so you think.

But consider this, and consider it well: In the martial arts, in all the arts, in business and sports and parenting, the search of the wise man is *always* for focus, for clarity, precision, loyalty, unity.

The search of the wise man? Try it sometime. You may surprise yourself and the people around you. For a change, pull all of your selves back together. Enjoy the new cohesion. Don't wait. Do it now.



what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

THE CENSORSHIP SAILS ON

GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FLORIDA—Local school parents have forced removal of the children's classic "My Friend Flicka" from the fifth- and sixth-grade optional-reading



lists. Parents objected because the book contains the word damn and the word bitch in reference to a female dog. The Florida town is rivaled by Owensboro, Kentucky, where the object of recent censorship was Kurt Vonnegut's "Slaughterhouse Five," which makes reference to a Magic Fingers vibrating device attached to a bed.

LIES AND DOLLS

MINNEAPOLIS—Used alone, anatomically correct dolls can lead to more false than true clues of child sexual abuse, says a University of Minnesota study. Researchers believe the dolls are useful only when the child's strengths, weaknesses and other problems are understood.

FEDPORN, INC.

SAN FRANCISCO—The Ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has decided that a child-pornography sting operation called Project Looking Glass was not entrapment. The defendant had mailed ten dollars to U.S. postal inspectors for a copy of Torrid Tots magazine. The inspectors had solicited the man because of his answers to a sex survey conducted by another Government front company.

SMUT BUSTERS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—By rejecting the free-speech arguments of the defendants in a recent appeal, the United States Supreme Court has tacitly approved the use of the Federal racketeering law following obscenity convictions. The Court upheld an appellate ruling that, under the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act, allowed Federal prosecutors to seize the entire assets of three adult bookstores and nine video-rental shops because their owners had been convicted on obscenity charges in Virginia. The appellate court, conceding that much of the inventory was legitimate reading and viewing materials, had held that "obscenity is not protected by the First Amendment and a convicted racketeer may not launder his dirty money by investing it in materials that involve protected speech."

S.T.D.s and HIV

KINSHASA, ZAIRE—Studies of prostitutes show that those with sexually transmitted diseases—especially chlamydia, gonorrhea and trichomoniasis—stand a three to seven times greater risk than others of acquiring the HIV virus. A researcher suggests two possible explanations: The diseases may cause microscopic ulcerations that permit entry of the virus, or the attendant inflammation may cause an increase in the kinds of cells that the virus most often targets.

MORE TEENAGE SEX

NEW YORK CITY—A survey by the Alan Guttmacher Institute indicates that sexual activity among teenage girls of all socio-economic classes rose sharply during the Eighties. Sexual activity among the daughters of white or high-income families increased the most. The median age for first intercourse for all girls is 17.9 years.

UNDETECTABLE WEAPON?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Stealth bomber and the Stealth Condom have met—at the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. The Northrop Corporation wants to stop the maker of a red, white and blue prophylactic from calling it the Stealth Condom and marketing it in a package modeled after Northrop's B-2 bomber, which is designed

to elude radar detection. The military contractor claims the condom "may falsely suggest a connection with" or "bring disrepute" to Northrop. Condom experts believe, however, that there should be no confusion, because the rubbers do not cost \$800,000,000 apiece.

NEXT TIME, SHOUT IT OUT

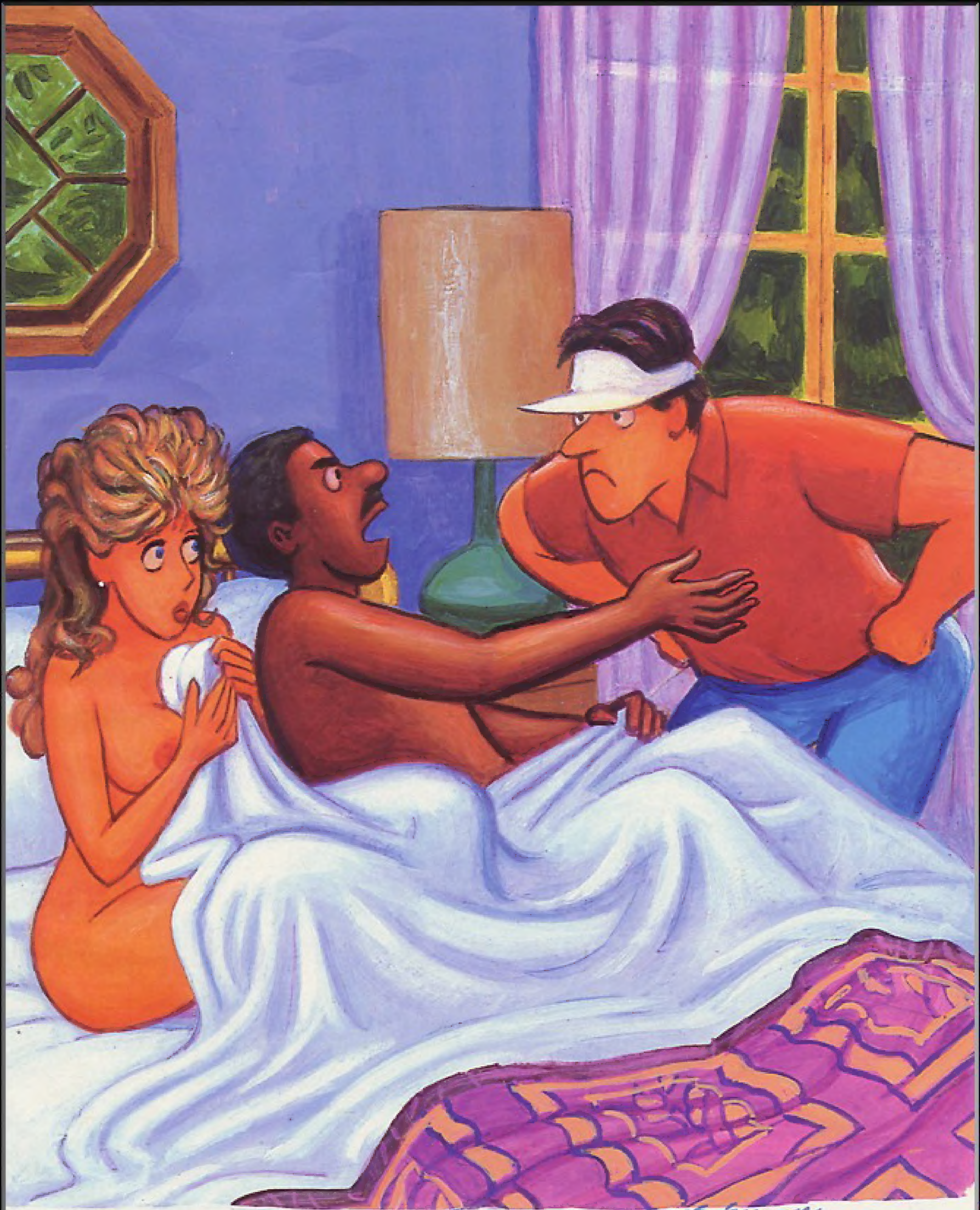
DEVINE, TEXAS—A minister and two members of his church racked up a sentence of two years' probation and 200 hours of community service, plus a \$1500 fine, \$600 restitution and court costs, for trying to "beat the devil" out of a fellow church member. The perpetrators claimed they were purging the man's depression. Court records do not indicate whether the treatment worked.

NO JOKE ORGASMS

VINTON, LOUISIANA—A fake-orgasm contest has landed the owner and the manager of the Starz night club in court. The event was inspired by the movie "When Harry Met Sally," where in one scene Sally shows Harry how convincingly she could fake an orgasm. Cops in the



audience closed the club, arrested everyone involved but prosecuted only the club's owner and the manager on a misdemeanor charge for permitting lewd conduct on a licensed premises.



Bruce Brown

*"If you'd let me join the damned country club, I'd
probably be out there playin' golf now. . . ."*

CUBA LIBRE



AFTER HIS TRIUMPH
IN MOSCOW, OUR MAN VENTURES
OFF LIMITS IN THE CARIBBEAN

text by JEFF COHEN

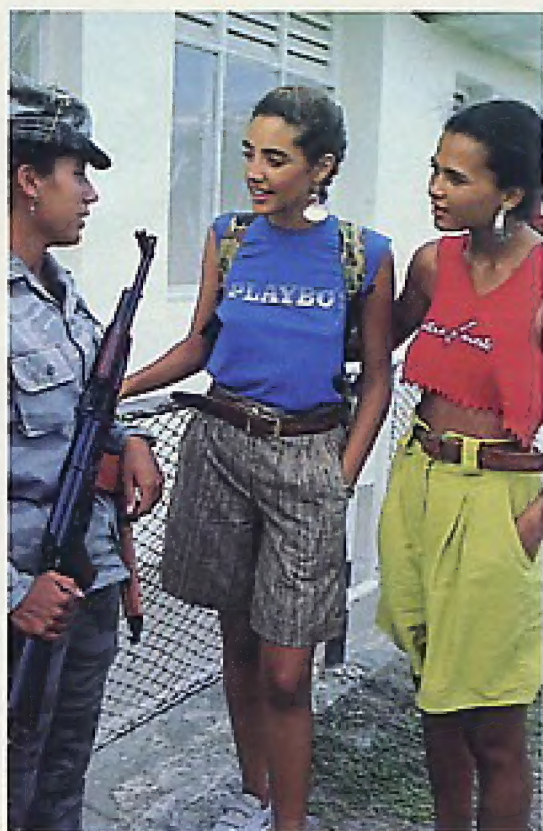
LAST YEAR, I wrote about my journey to the Soviet Union and the adventures my team and I had there, finding and photographing Russia's most beautiful women (*Mission: Implausible*, *Playboy*, February 1990). The food, the grim-faced customs officials, the surly people convinced me that Moscow was not the fun capital of the world. But my most recent adventure was quite different. It took me just 90 miles from our own shores to a satellite Communist country that travels in its own sunny orbit. To an island resplendent with history, architectural treasures and a culture blessed with artists, writers, musicians and great sportsmen: a people with energy, warmth and a love for life who take their warm ocean beaches, potent rum drinks and aromatic cigars as birthrights. To a land of dark, sensuous

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PATRICK MAGAUD

women who at one moment can be proudly aloof, the next as giddy as schoolgirls. It is a retirement nirvana for thousands of lovingly cared-for, hand-painted automobiles from Detroit's iron age, the uneasy host to a U.S. naval base outfitted with the most sophisticated war technology and the home of a burgeoning tourist economy that trades only in Uncle Sam's greenbacks. Where it gets those greenbacks is a good question, since Americans are forbidden to spend them there. This sunny spot is the republic of Cuba, and our Government has declared it off limits. It's not exactly illegal for U.S. citizens to travel to Cuba, but under the provisions of the Trading with the Enemy Act, the Treasury Department prohibits U.S. citizens from spending dollars there. The penalties are stiff: as much as \$250,000 and 12 years in jail. Ironically, it's OK to blow your Yankee cash in Iran or almost any other country, not excluding the erstwhile "Evil Empire." Uncle Sam knows how to hold a grudge. As a curious *Playboy* editor, I was able to take advantage of the loophole in those restrictions that excepts journalists, Government officials, researchers and family members who wish to reunite with their relatives in Cuba. The idea for the trip had come about in discussions I was having with Patrick Magaud, a French photographer and frequent contributor to this magazine, who specializes in photographing nude women in the midst of daring and spectacular stunts (see *Living Dangerously*, *Playboy*, May 1990). Patrick and I share a Franco-American love of adventure and on several occasions had discussed wild photographic projects that would test our resolve and, we hoped, lead to fascinating photographs.

Splashing at Cayo Paraiso (preceding spread) are Idolka de Erbiti (left) and Lianette Taylee. Lianette reappears below left; Adrianis Hernandez is bottom right. Lacking U.S. exports, cubanos lovingly restore such cars as the 1948 Buick Super Eight below right. That's Raisa Saboritt opposite, right; at top left, opposite, Lisette Roz and Rachel Lopez chat up a guard outside Guantánamo U.S. Naval Base.





During one such conversation, shortly after my return from the Soviet Union, we simultaneously whispered the word Cuba. It was near yet far; hot yet cool. And if Gorbys had let *Playboy* in to see his women, Fidel would certainly have to answer the challenge by extending us the same courtesy. The hunt was on, and Patrick was to lead the way. Through contacts in Paris, he was able to meet the Cuban ambassador to France and persuade him to propose a pictorial to the appropriate officials in Havana. Several months later, when Patrick got the green light from the tourism ministry, I flew to Paris to close the deal with the ambassador. It was at his home that I experienced my first taste of Cuba—Cohiba cigars and Havana Club seven-year-old rum. Ten days later, I was in Havana.

Not that it was easy to get there. Havana is one of the few destinations in the world that aren't served by a flight from Chicago's O'Hare International Airport. Nor do major airlines fly there from J.F.K., Miami or even Key West. But Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver and the major European capitals have daily flights. Mine was through Mexico City.

The Cubans do a very smart thing when American citizens pass through passport control. They don't stamp their passports. Mine shows that I left Chicago and arrived in Mexico City, and eight days





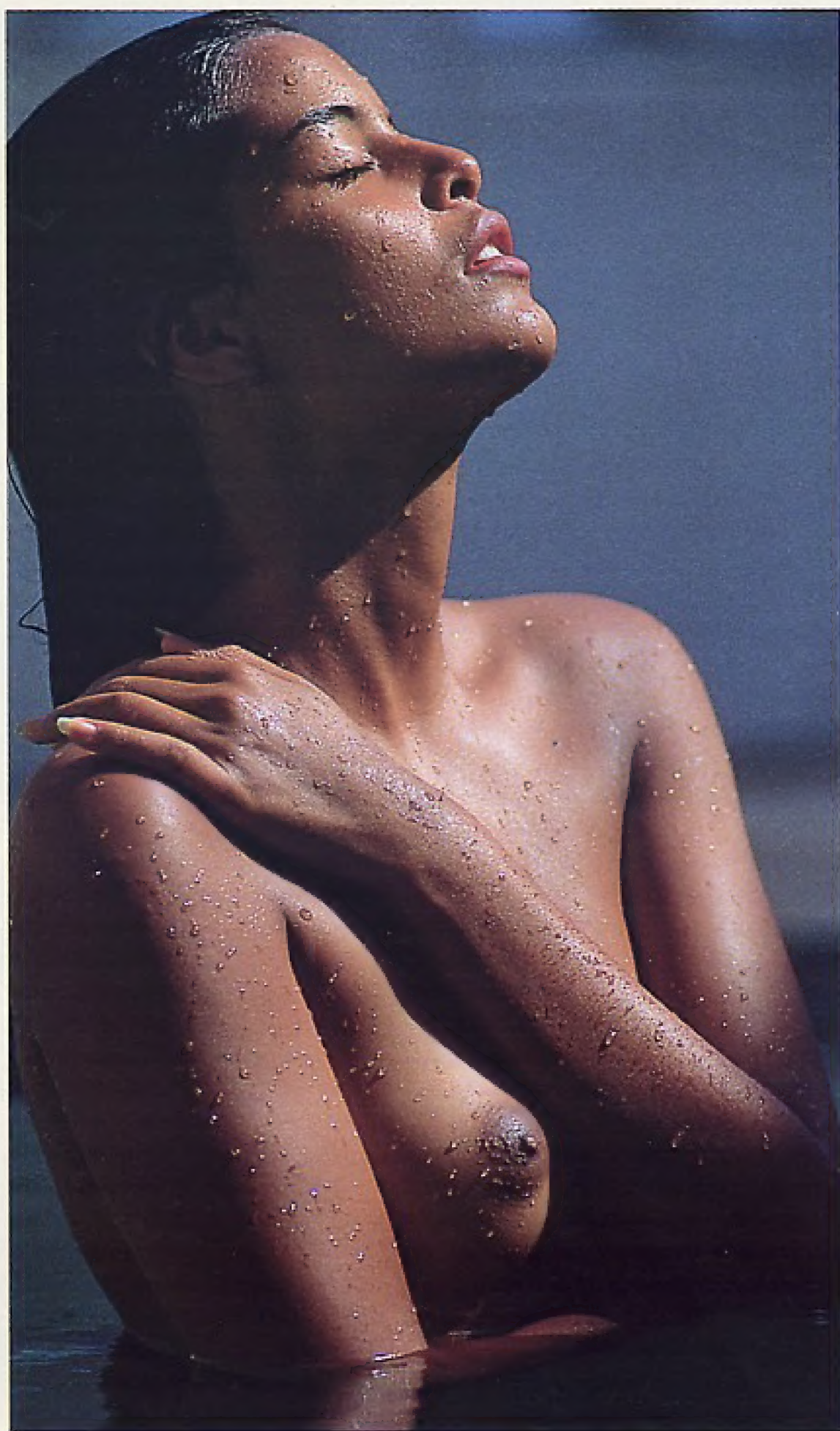


later headed home, stopping in Dallas to clear Customs. Until a U.S. official reads this story, our own Government has known only that I was in Mexico.

As for the Cubans, they are happy to see you—and, more important, eager to have your money. The island had 300,000 visitors last year—50,000 Canadians and a like number of Germans, with the balance coming from other European countries, notably Spain and Italy. A mere 6000 gringos took the circuitous journey to play in the Caribbean sunshine. But if the U.S. travel restrictions were to be lifted, that number would

likely soar into the millions. The social and political turmoil in the Communist Eastern Bloc has left Cuba's pipeline to financial aid all but cut off, making tourism the best hope for the island's economic future. Three major organizations—Gaviota, Cubanacan and Intur—have been given power to develop tourism and foreign partnerships. All three are building hotels, marinas and sports facilities at Varadero Beach, a finger of sand and palm trees pointing straight at the Florida Keys that is a three-hour drive from Havana. Varadero is Cuba's attempt to leap from the Fifties—when the despised dictator Fulgencio Batista was ousted by Fidel Castro and his band of guerrillas—into the Nineties. For nearly four decades, the island's old luxury hotels have decayed, along with those American-made automobiles. The Varadero development is supposed to redress that lack of tourist accommodations.

Varadero was the first stop for Patrick and me on our tour around the island. During a helicopter flight over the clean, white sandy beaches that rim the peninsula, I counted no fewer than six construction sites. Cranes, earth movers and thousands of laborers were working on elaborate, architecturally sophisticated hotels that, we were told, would feature swimming pools, four-star restaurants, crystal chandeliers, Italian-marble-and-gold bathroom fixtures, all to attract first-class travelers with first-class wallets. One Gaviota official told me that by 1995, the area would have 40 to 50 hotels with 30,000 rooms; today, there are one tenth that many. Our escort at Varadero and,



Twenty-three-year-old Isabel Cabrero (opposite) poses provocatively at the Colonial Museum of Art in Havana. Idolka de Erbiti (above), at 22 Cuba's top model, and Patrick Magaud, the French photographer of this pictorial, fell in love during this assignment and she recently moved to Paris to be with him. Immediately sought after by magazines and modeling agencies in France, Idolka has been stunned by the glamour of the City of Light and the superabundance of material goods in Parisian shops. It's a far cry from life under the government of Fidel Castro (inset, top, giving one of his legendary marathon speeches in the Plaza de la Revolución, Havana).



indeed, throughout the island was León Pérez, a representative of the Cubanacan group. He was our guide and, at times, our warden. We could roam, but we were loosely tethered—instead of by a chain, with a bungee cord. If we strayed too far from our hotel or our vehicle, León would snap the cord and draw us back. He was actually a pleasant fellow, with many friends and colleagues around the island, but he had one habit that made him less than endearing to us: He kept picking his teeth and ears with a ballpoint pen. Even now, I sometimes awake from a sound sleep with a vision of Pérez picking away, and I have to get up, floss and fondle a cotton swab.

Our band of three traveled the island by minivan, army helicopter, boat and sleek corporate jet. Everywhere, our fame

preceded us: We were the group from *la revista Playboy*. We saw Bahía de los Cochinos, the Bay of Pigs, and the museum that celebrates the expulsion of the invading imperialists from the north. We visited the mountainous spine of the island, with its Tyrolean landscape and clear, crisp air, and stayed at a medical spa catering to the government elite. On the far southeast end of the island, we visited Santiago de Cuba, (continued on page 157)



Back at Cayo Paraiso, four señoritas stage a wet-T-shirt contest. From left above are Isabel Cabrero, Grisell Valdez, Lianette Taylee and Idolka de Erbiti. Below, a likeness of 19th Century Cuban revolutionary hero José Martí dominates a parade on the 26th of July, anniversary of Castro's first attack on the forces of dictator Fulgencio Batista; at right, Dalila Marin with one ingredient of a piña colada.



CUBA LIBRE

(continued from page 74)

once the capital of the island and a city with buildings dating back to the early 16th Century. And everywhere we saw the great old American cars—Buicks, Cadillacs, Chevys, Studebakers; red ones, green ones, yellow ones. Some were being driven, but many sat on blocks as if sunning themselves, waiting for a wheel or just passing the time. Many had names proudly inscribed on their hoods: MARIA, ROSA, ANGEL. They looked like happy characters out of some children's book.

We noticed a general shortage of hot water, but otherwise, all of our accommodations were clean, relatively modern and safe. Cuba's *policía*, it seems, have little patience with criminals, and sentences are swiftly handed out. Knowing that their jails are occupied by the island's real low lifes, most Cubans keep to the proper side of the law.

Cuban cuisine is hot, spicy and, after my experience in the Soviet Union, a gourmet's delight: tropical fruits, fresh grilled fish, poultry, beans, rice and pastries, plus strong, flavorful coffee that kicks you upside the head if you have more than one cup. We celebrated each sunset with a batch of *mojitos*, the island's official drink. Rum, mint, mineral water, lemon juice and a touch of sugar mingle in a libation that helps you lambada till you drop.

A visit to Havana's Tropicana night club affords an experience rivaled only by a Busby Berkeley extravaganza. Celebrating 50 years of performances, the Tropicana provides a spectacle under the stars for tourists and Cubans alike. On multilevel stages and platforms suspended in trees are semiclad dancers—their bodies swaying beneath head-dresses like enormous chandeliers studded with twinkling electric lights—moving to the beat of a 32-piece orchestra. Male and female dancers simulate sex to the staccato pulse of strobe lights. And later, after the nightly performance, the stage turns into a disco, where young Cubans get down.

We were enjoying our red-carpet tour immensely, but, we kept asking our hosts, where are the girls? They seemed reluctant to discuss the subject. At the outset of our visit, in fact, an official had warned us we shouldn't expect to take nude photographs. Sexy, yes; see-through, maybe—but not nudes.

"But, *señor*," I argued, "*¿por qué?*" The Soviet women were very eager to have glamorous photographs taken of them. Why not the beautiful women of Cuba?"

"*Señor* Cohen," was the reply, "the women of Cuba are very proud. And ninety-two percent of them belong to the Federación de Mujeres de Cuba." The F.M.C. is an alliance of feminists working to reverse the *macho* attitude that has

long been a part of the island's culture.

Fortunately, the official was mistaken. He hadn't taken into account the power of *Playboy*, the appeal that makes beautiful women all over the world want to appear on its pages. That became clear on the last night of our visit, when our hosts had a surprise for us: an exclusive fashion show, featuring the island's top professional models. Patrick and I selected eight who we thought had the potential to represent the beauties of their country in our pictorial.

After that, I had to get back to Chicago and the office, but Patrick was able to return to Cuba for the best of it. Much the best of it, as it turned out: Not only was he able to travel freely around the countryside in a rented car, minus escort and with eight beautiful women, but he fell in love with one of them: The lovely Idolka de Erbil is now ensconced in his

house in Paris. He was also smitten by the country and its people. The only thing that annoyed him was the government's perhaps predictable red tape.

"In September, when I went back to show my pictures," he told me, "one official would say, 'Fabulous, but wait a minute—we have to go and see so-and-so.' And then so-and-so would say the same thing. Finally, I got fed up and I said, 'Look, if I wanted to write something negative about your country, you wouldn't try to stop me. Here, I want to do something constructive and you say "No" or "Perhaps." If you want to build up tourism, you have to open up *everything* to promotion.'"

What makes the officials nervous is the memory of Cuba's pre-Castro reputation. "Before the revolution, there were a hundred thousand prostitutes in Havana alone," Patrick says. "Batista would

even have young girls taken from the countryside and put into brothels, and Cuba became known as the bordello of the U.S. So now the Cubans want to open up tourism, but you know what they're afraid of? They're afraid of prostitution and they're afraid of casinos. They wanted to make sure that we would treat their women with respect."

But that last night in Havana, I must confess that I was thinking less about the political impact of our prospective pictorial than about how I was going to get through U.S. Customs with a box of Cohiba cigars, a bottle of Havana Club rum, my Ché Guevara T-shirts, a set of Cuban toy soldiers and some native jazz tapes, all of which could spell trouble even though my passport indicated nothing about a visit to Cuba. I could, of course, have justified *Playboy's* interest in Cuba, but with the pictorial not yet finalized, it wasn't a discussion I really wanted to get involved in.

For the sake of journalistic purity, though, I finally decided to play it straight. I declared all my bounty, without brand names (which are not required on the declaration form), and hoped for the best.

In Dallas, where I landed, the Customs agent looked me straight in the eye. "Are you declaring all the goods you purchased?" she asked.

"Affirmative," I replied.

"Are you flying in from Mexico City?"

"Yes, ma'am."

With that, she waved me through. *That's it, I thought. I've made it. No sweat. No problem.*

I headed down the hall and was almost to the door when two other Customs officers, making random checks, approached and asked to see my declaration. *Oh, shit!* I thought.

As I handed one of them the form, the other asked, "Who do you work for?"

"*Playboy*," I said, in a tone meant to signify male bonding.

With that, he turned to his colleague and said with a chuckle, "I thought he looked familiar." Turning to me, he asked, "Weren't you the guy who went to the Soviet Union and wrote about smuggling out rolls of film in a copy of *Time* magazine?"

"Affirmative," I said again, a bit shakily.

And the agent shook my hand, pronounced me the celebrity of the day and sent me off into the night with a "Welcome home."

The kids loved the toy soldiers and the T-shirts. My boss is smoking the cigars. I saved the rum for myself, to toast better Cuban-American relations.



"Boy, Ruthie—did I ever trade up!"





"I don't know about the rest of the environment, but the greenhouse effect has been good to you, Celia."

A QUIZ YOU CAN'T REFUSE



test your knowledge of gunmen and godfathers with playboy's gangster s.a.t.s

compiled by **WILLIAM J. HELMER**

LET'S SEE. There've been *GoodFellas*, *State of Grace* and *Miller's Crossing*, not to mention *Godfather III* and a raft of TV movies celebrating gangsters. Bad guys are hot again, and you're going to feel pretty silly when your friends discover that you don't know "Machine Gun" Kelly from "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn or Ma Barker from Bonnie Parker. Well, sharpen up your number twos. Score high and we guarantee you'll make a, um, hit.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MIKE BENNY



1. This New York street gang was the Harvard of tough and graduated such Mobsters as Al Capone and "Lucky" Luciano:

- A.** The Bowery Boys
- B.** The Five Pointers
- C.** The Plug Uglies
- D.** The Dead Rabbits
- E.** The Pansies

☛ Yes, there actually were street gangs called the Bowery Boys and the Pansies, but the correct answer is the Five Points Gang (B), so named for an intersection of streets in Lower Manhattan.

2. Match the monikers with the names their mommas gave them:

- A.** "Dutch" Schultz
- B.** "Baby Face" Nelson
- C.** "Legs" Diamond
- D.** "Machine Gun" Kelly
- E.** "Two Gun" Louis Alterie
- a.** John T. Nolan
- b.** George Barnes
- c.** Lester Gillis
- d.** Arthur Flegenheimer
- e.** Leland Verain

☛ A(d), B(c), C(a), D(b), E(e).

3. Getting machine-gunned in a telephone booth became a gangster-movie staple after 1932, when gangland rivals emptied a Thompson into:

- A.** "Mad Dog" Coll
- B.** "Legs" Diamond
- C.** "Lucky" Luciano
- D.** "Dutch" Schultz

☛ (A) Coll, on orders from Schultz.

4. New York Mobster Albert Anastasia's novel demise started people worrying about:

- A.** Shower stalls
- B.** Barber chairs
- C.** Theater seats
- D.** Public rest rooms

☛ (B) Albert bought it in 1957 while sitting, eyes closed, in a barber chair at New York's Park Sheraton Hotel.

5. Who else got it where else?

- A.** Joey Gallo
- B.** John Dillinger
- C.** "Mad Dog" Coll
- D.** "Dutch" Schultz
- E.** The "Bugs" Moran gang
- a.** Palace Chop House
- b.** Umberto's Clam House
- c.** Biograph Theater
- d.** S.M.C. Cartage Co.
- e.** London Chemist's

☛ A(b), in New York, 1972; B(c), in Chicago; C(e), a drugstore at 300 West 23rd Street, New York, 1932; D(a), in Newark, 1935; E(d), a garage at 2122 North Clark Street, Chicago—the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, 1929.

6. The only woman outlaw named Public Enemy Number One was:

- A.** Bonnie Parker
- B.** Ma Barker
- C.** Helen Nelson
- D.** Anna Sage

☛ (C) Mrs. "Baby Face" Nelson replaced her husband at the top of the list after he killed two Federal agents in a machine-gun battle near Barrington, Illinois, in 1934 and escaped with her in the agents' car before expiring a few hours later from 17 bullet wounds. She surrendered and spent a year in prison for "harboring" her spouse.

7. The "Woman in Red," who betrayed John Dillinger, was:

- A.** Polly Hamilton
- B.** Mary Longnaker
- C.** Anna Sage
- D.** Billie Frechette

☛ (C) Anna Sage, a madam whose lover was a cop who was also part of the FBI ambush outside the Biograph Theater. (continued overleaf)





8. Which place keeps insisting it does not have Dillinger's prodigious pecker pickled in formaldehyde?

- A.** The National Museum of Health and Medicine in Washington, D.C.
- B.** The Smithsonian Institution
- C.** The Mutter Museum in Philadelphia
- D.** The Cook County, Illinois, coroner's office

☛ All of them, but legend most often places it at the Smithsonian. You should write to the Smithsonian at Washington, D.C. 20560, just to get its form letter denying there's any truth to the rumor.

9. The Thompson submachine gun was first marketed in:

- A.** 1917
- B.** 1918
- C.** 1921
- D.** 1925

☛ (C) It was conceived in 1917 as a trench weapon for World War One, completed too late in 1918 for military use and marketed commercially in 1921.

10. During Prohibition, the Thompson became known as a:

- A.** Chopper
- B.** Tommy gun
- C.** Chicago typewriter
- D.** Antibandit gun

☛ All of the above.

11. Which of the seven St. Valentine's Day Massacre victims was an optometrist who'd just stopped by the garage for coffee?

- A.** Adam Heyer
- B.** Albert Weinshank
- C.** John May
- D.** Reinhart Schwimmer
- E.** James Clark
- F.** Frank Gusenberg
- G.** Peter Gusenberg

☛ (D) Reinhart Schwimmer, whose aged mother had warned him that selling eyeglasses to bootleggers could only get him in trouble.

12. Which Capone gunman was saved by his girlfriend, "The Blonde Alibi," from prosecution for the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, only to be convicted of transporting her across state lines for "immoral purposes"?

- A.** John Scalise
- B.** Albert Anselmi
- C.** "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn
- D.** Frankie Yale

☛ (C) McGurn and girlfriend Louise Rolfe were found guilty of violating the Mann Act, but their convictions were overturned by the U.S. Supreme Court.

13. Al Capone died in 1947 of:

- A.** Lead poisoning
- B.** Electrocution
- C.** Old age
- D.** Failure to practice safe sex

☛ (D) Complications due to untreated syphilis.

14. Which massacre led to G men's being allowed to carry guns?

- A.** The Baby Massacre
- B.** The Kansas City Massacre
- C.** The St. Valentine's Day Massacre
- D.** The Fox Lake Massacre

☛ (B) The Kansas City Massacre of 1933, in which machine gunners, led by "Pretty Boy" Floyd, killed four lawmen as well as the man they were supposed to rescue.

15. Match these famous last, nearly last or at least memorable words with the guys who uttered them:





- A.** "I hate to bust a cap on a lady, especially when she's sitting down."
- B.** "Never trust a woman or an automatic pistol."
- C.** "The bastards never forget."
- D.** "Mother is the best bet, and don't let Satan draw you too fast."
- E.** "Nobody shot me."
- F.** "Tell the boys I'm coming home."
- G.** "We only kill each other."
- H.** "The only thing we have to sell is fear."
- I.** "Only Capone kills like that."
- J.** "They don't call him Bugs for nothing."
- a.** John Dillinger
- b.** Roger Touhy
- c.** "Dutch" Schultz
- d.** Wilbur Underhill
- e.** Frank Gusenberg
- f.** Frank Hamer
- g.** Billy Dauber
- h.** "Bugsy" Siegel
- i.** "Bugs" Moran
- j.** Al Capone

☛ *A(f) ex-Texas Ranger Hamer, after shooting Bonnie Parker; B(a) to a fellow gang member; C(b) Chicago bootlegger Touhy, gunned down in 1959 after serving 25 years in prison on a bogus kidnaping charge; D(c) Schultz, in a deathbed delirium; E(e) Gusenberg, who lived for a few hours after the St. Valentine's Day Mas-*

sacre; F(d) Underhill, the "Tri-State Terror," mortally wounded in a shoot-out with Federal agents; G(h); H(g) Dauber, a Chicago hit man, shortly before he was murdered; I(i); J(i).

16. Who's the only famous American gangster ever convicted of murder and executed?

- A.** Joey Gallo
- B.** "Lucky" Luciano
- C.** Vito Genovese
- D.** Louis Buchalter
- E.** "Bugsy" Siegel
- F.** Dion O'Banion

☛ *(D) Buchalter, in 1944, for one of many killings he committed as a principal hit man for New York's Murder, Inc.*

17. AS THE FLOWERS ARE ALL MADE SWEETER BY THE SUNSHINE AND THE DEW, SO THIS OLD WORLD IS MADE BRIGHTER BY THE LIVES OF FOLKS LIKE YOU is the touching epitaph on the gravestone of:

- A.** Ma Barker
- B.** Anna Sage
- C.** Bonnie Parker
- D.** Helen Nelson

☛ *(C) Bonnie Parker.*

18. GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN is the somewhat less sentimental epitaph on the gravestone of:

- A.** "Baby Face" Nelson
- B.** John Dillinger
- C.** Clyde Barrow
- D.** "Pretty Boy" Floyd

☛ *(C) Clyde Barrow.*

19. Capone gunmen, firing from two apartment windows, managed to put a record 59 slugs into:

- A.** Hymie Weiss
- B.** Dion O'Banion
- C.** Joey Aiello
- D.** "Bugs" Moran

☛ *(C) Aiello, in 1930, who sought shelter from one machine-gun nest by hiding under the window that held another one.*

20. Chicago's beer wars were set off by the "handshake murder" of the first North Side gang leader, who was:

- A.** "Bugs" Moran
- B.** Dion O'Banion
- C.** Vincent Drucci
- D.** Frank Nitti

☛ *(B) Three Capone gunmen entered O'Banion's flower shop on November 10, 1924, ostensibly to pick up a funeral wreath, shook hands with the gangster florist and held on so tight he couldn't reach for any of the three pistols he carried.*

(continued on page 140)



QUIZ YOU CAN'T REFUSE

(continued from page 81)

21. Chicago's second North Side gang leader, Hymie Weiss, is remembered for:

- A.** Inventing the "one-way ride"
- B.** Sending a ten-car motorcade of gunmen down the main street of Cicero to shoot up Al Capone's headquarters
- C.** Getting machine-gunned in front of the Holy Name Cathedral
- D.** Elevating Capone to prominence by shooting John Torrio

☛ All of the above.

22. True or false? September 10, 1931, became known as the Night of the Sicilian Vespers after a new generation of Mobsters led by "Lucky" Luciano "Americanized" the Mafia in a nationwide blood bath that eliminated nearly 40 old-time "Mustache Petes."

☛ False. Don Salvatore Maranzano was killed on that date, but otherwise, this most enduring of Mafia legends seems to have no basis in fact.

23. Which firearm inventor said, shortly before he died, "I have given my valedictory to arms, as I want to pay more attention now to saving human life than destroying it. May the deadly ——— always speak for God and country. It has worried me that the gun has been so stolen by evil men and used for purposes outside our motto, 'On the side of law and order'?"

- A.** Browning
- B.** Thompson
- C.** Maxim
- D.** Nobel
- E.** Vickers
- F.** Colt
- G.** Garand

☛ (B) Thompson, in 1939, regretting that the T.S.M.G. had become synonymous with gangsters.

24. In the early Seventies, the silenced .22 automatic acquired popularity with hit persons because it caused so little commotion in parking lots and didn't wake up neighbors. While the modest .22 could be deadly, it did have a deflection problem, as demonstrated by the attempted hit on:

- A.** Allen Dorfman
- B.** Ken Eto
- C.** Sam Giancana
- D.** Jimmy Hoffa

☛ (B) In a Chicago parking lot on February 10, 1983, several .22 bullets fired at close range bounced off the thick skull of gangster Ken Eto (no offense, Mr. Eto). Convinced that he was out of favor with the Mob, Eto became a Government witness.

25. In the ordnance community, the proper name for a silencer is a:

- A.** Muffler
- B.** Compensator
- C.** Suppressor
- D.** Attenuator

☛ (C).

26. Contrary to the usual movie cliché, silencers work poorly on revolvers because:

- A.** Barrels are too short for gases to become trapped.
- B.** Calibers larger than .22 are difficult to silence.
- C.** Gas escapes through the gap between the cylinder and the barrel.
- D.** Silencers work fine on revolvers.

☛ All of the above. (C) is most often the case, but si-

lencers—*et*, suppressors—will work on revolvers if they are large enough for the caliber (maybe a foot long and three inches in diameter for a .357) and the cylinder is gunsmithed to eliminate the gap.

27. How much does a silencer cost?

- A.** \$50 to \$150
- B.** \$150 to \$500
- C.** \$500 to \$1000
- D.** \$10,000 and ten years in prison

☛ (D) The nosy Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms wants to hear everything that's going on.

28. Match the Mobster with his moniker:

- A.** Tony Accardo
- B.** Joey Aiuppa
- C.** Albert Anastasia
- D.** Paul Ricca
- E.** Felix Alderisio
- F.** Frank Costello
- G.** Al Capone
- H.** James Fratianno
- I.** Tony Spilotro
- J.** Abe Reles
- K.** Frank Nitti
- L.** Charles Luciano
- M.** Louis Buchalter
- N.** Joseph Masseria
- O.** Abner Zwillman
- P.** Vincent Alo
- Q.** Sam Giancana
- R.** Joseph Bonanno
- S.** Vincent Drucci
- a.** Doves
- b.** The Waiter
- c.** The Enforcer
- d.** Big Tuna
- e.** Longy
- f.** Lucky
- g.** The Weasel
- h.** Lord High Executioner
- i.** Momo

- j.** The Little Guy
- k.** The Big Fellow
- l.** Lepke
- m.** Bananas
- n.** Kid Twist
- o.** Prime Minister
- p.** Milwaukee Phil
- q.** Jimmy Blue Eyes
- r.** The Boss
- s.** Schemer

29. Which of the following are not associated with organized crime?

- A.** Rico Fermi
- B.** Johnnie Sirica
- C.** Joseph DiMaggio
- D.** Frankie Capra
- E.** Big Al Pacino
- F.** Lucky Pavarotti
- G.** Ma Cabrini

☛ A(d), B(a), C(h), D(b), E(p), F(o), G(k), H(g), I(i), J(n), K(c), L(f), M(l), N(r), O(e), P(q), Q(i), R(m), S(s).

☛ Come on!



"Well, he didn't so much force me to commit an unnatural act as make me wonder how much fun it might be."

WELCOME TO THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SLUT FEMINISM, WHERE
MADONNA'S SOFT-CORE AND A SHREWD SELL ADD UP TO HARD CASH

PLAYGIRL *of* THE WESTERN WORLD

By MICHAEL KELLY

PLEASE, take Madonna. Seriously.

Madonna Louise Ciccone has made more than \$100,000,000 over the past four years selling the extraordinary product of herself. She will undoubtedly make even more over the next four. Her business is singing, dancing and acting; the singing is not great and is sometimes lip-synched, the dancing is energetic but not inspired, the acting is appealing but amateurish. She is a creature of blatant artifice who repackages herself to calculated effect every two years, as if she were a Congressman running scared for re-election. She is nakedly ambitious, manipulative, exploitive. Her facial expressions run the gamut from "Fuck you" to "Fuck me." She has a reputation for having clawed her way up over the bodies of softer and weaker humans, most of them men. (In New York, when she was still rising to fame in the early Eighties, some spoke of her as "McDonna—over one billion served.") She is shallow, obvious and as vulgar as a belch.

It is, therefore, entirely appropriate that on this July afternoon, as she stands on a giant stage flanked by four-story-tall figures of naked bald men, grabbing her crotch and singing about the pleasures of being spanked, she should be greeted by the heartfelt cheers of 75,000 people who seem to feel hers is the wisdom of the ages, or at least of the moment. Entirely



appropriate. Quite right. As perfectly fitting as her own exposed brassiere. The last *fin de siècle* was scored by Debussy. The cusp of the third millennium belongs, God help us, to Madonna. She is the defining figure of our pop culture, a perfect reflection, only slightly magnified, of all that is around her.

Wembley Stadium, a big concrete squat of a building plopped down in the middle of a London suburb, is as ugly as the 20th Century gets, which is damned ugly, indeed. Inside, the young women and girls who make up two thirds of the crowd are very excited. The arena's infield, covered with a dirty black-plastic tarp, is a grand costumed mass of Madonnacolytes, all paying homage to one or another of the versions of their icon through their choice of clothes. Some are Boy Toys—that was the Madonna of the early Eighties—in cutoff jeans and skimpy halters and make-up that is an exaggerated mask of sluttish intent; others are playing the more sophisticated parody, the push-pull Madonna, at once sexually enticing and repellent in black *bustiers* and exposed bras matched with unflattering Lycra pants, cheap rayon blouses and clunky, ugly shoes. Some are festooned in chains and crucifixes in imitation of Madonna's imitation of blasphemy.

Up on the giant stage, Madonna is nearing the close of the elaborate, mirror-polished 105-minute act that is the heart of *Blond Ambition*, her 1990 world tour. The act has displayed her every face—tramp, vamp, bad girl, lost girl, torch carrier. But the great theme running through it is down-and-dirty sex. In the act's highlights, Madonna has pretended to slap, kick and caress her female backup singers; grabbed her pantied crotch half a dozen times; straddled and mock-screwed a black man dressed as a slave, heaving down on him with split-wide legs and moaning loudly with each thrust; mock-sodomized another half-naked man; humped a bordello-red velvet bed, legs splayed and pumping triple time under strobe lights in a parody of nymphomaniacal masturbation; straddled a fake altar rail while dressed as a priest and clutching a crucifix; and stuck her spangle-covered bottom high in the air for a pretend spanking.

The tightly choreographed show allows for a few brief speeches. The important one is a celebration of the word fuck, brayed in the accent of a New Jersey bad girl telling Daddy where to get off. The word comes out from her lovely pouting lips rhyming with hawk: Fawk! Fawk! Fawk! "Fawk is not a bad word! Fawk is a good word! Fawk is the reason I am here! Fawk is the reason

you are here! If your mother and father did not fawk, you would not be here tonight. . . . So fawk you!"

Am I the only one in the stadium who watches all of this with astonishment? With a feeling that we have taken yet another baby step in the strange evolution of the century? Apparently, yes. Everyone else is happily boogieing to the beat. In the row behind me, a little boy who looks like Christopher Robin in Levi's and a Lacoste shirt is dancing exuberantly with his mother, she hugging him close from behind, the two of them swaying and hopping in happy unison. Next to them, the boy's teeny-bopper sister dances with their aunt. It is a pretty scene of togetherness.

Some say Madonna does it all for shock value, but that can't be right; there is no value to shock when no one is shocked anymore. And clearly, no one at Wembley is. People here are experiencing pleasure, not outrage. They are caught up in a *frisson* of desire, a bit of a naughty thrill, a quickening of pulse and slight warmth in the loins. That is all. Twenty-five years ago, when Madonna was a little girl in Michigan, English and American teenagers burned and stomped Beatles records after John Lennon innocently pointed out that for many young fans, the Beatles were more popular than Jesus Christ. Now Madonna takes the stage in church vestments to sing the joys of fawking, masturbating, spanking, beating and bugging, and no one is tut-tutting except the increasingly unheard Vatican and a few of the British tabloids whose business it is to be appalled by all vulgarity except their own. Everyone else is dancing. In the last years of the second millennium, this is merely entertainment.

More important than what Madonna is doing on stage—it's pretty tame stuff, after all, in a culture that offers masturbatory telephone lines—is that she is doing it with the full participation and enjoyment of the shuffling multitude arrayed before her. In this regard, Madonna is doing something no one has done before. Within the context of music, she is presenting herself as a soft-porn fantasy figure, and she is not doing it in a private, adults-only setting, which is the traditional venue for such stuff. She is doing it in a very public arena for the masses. And—most important—she is not doing it for the benefit of men. She is doing it as a conscious act of defiance of males and for the interest and benefit of females.

In Madonna's early days, feminists decried her obvious sex games as a return to premovement sexual exploitation of women. But that was wrong. Madonna did, indeed, reject the blue-

stocking prudery of the paleofeminists, but she did not do so in order to offer herself as a symbol of sexual submission to men. As she has pointed out, she is not really anybody's Boy Toy. What she exemplifies and advocates—for hers is a very political art—is not men's sexual control over women but women's over men. Her act, her songs and her videos all carry a clear and compelling message: Men want only one thing and women should ruthlessly exploit that wanting. Make 'em beg and make 'em suffer.

It is not subtle. The men in the *Blond Ambition* act are Girl Toys. Dressed in costumes that symbolize female sexual fantasies (slaves, prisoners, muscle men, priests, Warren Beatty), they submit to her explicitly sexual and violent will in song and dance, to be slapped or shoved aside at the conclusion. Madonna's outfits are an elaborate sneer at male notions of how women should dress to attract men. Her blandishment of underwear is not a celebration of the Frederick's of Hollywood mentality but a parody of it, an amplification and distortion of the trappings of feminine sensuality to the point of Felliniesque grotesquerie: garter straps flapping in the air over pants, brassieres with tips that end in rocket points, a bicycle jacket worn atop a corset. Similarly, Madonna's gestures are designed to simultaneously attract and repulse male desire, to exploit her own sexual appeal while mocking it. She follows a sweeping, Astairelike turn with a spread-leg squat, a bit of sinuous stretching with a crude pelvic thrust.

In an act where care is paid to the most minute details, all of this is calculated. The signature moment of the *Blond Ambition* tour, for example, is Madonna's crotch grabbing, an eloquent visual put-down of male phallic pride. You might think that this is one of those gestures that a seasoned performer could just practice a few times in front of a mirror and pretty much get down pat. Madonna hired a consultant to achieve it. She was coached by Vince Paterson, the 40-year-old choreographer who worked with pace-setting groin grabber Michael Jackson. Paterson recalls a conversation with Madonna that belongs peculiarly to our times.

"Are you the one who had Michael Jackson grab his balls [in the *Bad* video]?" she asked.

"No," said Paterson, "he was grabbing his balls before I got on the *Bad* video."

"Well, maybe I should do it," said Madonna.

"Well, you should," said Paterson,
(continued on page 163)

MADONNA

(continued from page 8-1)

"because you have more balls than most of the men I know."

Thus is art made.

The young women who adore and emulate Madonna understand the point she is getting at. She is the proponent and symbol of a hybrid pop philosophy that combines the old-fashioned use of sex as a weapon with a women's-liberation-driven bitterness toward men. It is a cheap and tawdry little philosophy, born of anger, cynicism and ennui, just right for today: slut feminism.

"She doesn't sell her body, but it's the same thing, and I think it's great," says Lynne Hollier, 25, a London secretary. "You admire her because she's used it so well. She's used boys and she doesn't deny it. It's about time someone did that. About time some women stood up for their rights."

"I hate her, but I love to hate her," says Linda Robinson, 24, an Irish-born lawyer whose ambivalence toward Madonna puzzles her. "She's too sexual. . . . I hate her! I absolutely hate her! But I think—Jesus Christ—I'm a lawyer, stuck in one of the most conservative professions in the world, and I could never do this. I think, How does she get away with this? But she is positive for women. What she's saying and doing is revolutionary. No one takes women seriously, and she is saying, 'I am a woman and I can do what I want, no matter what you think of me.' She is flaunting her sexuality and she is doing it in the face of the greatest repression in the world, here in England. And I like that."

Dawn, 18, a receptionist in Brixton, says, "Why I like her so much is that she is completely in control. She is doing what she wants because she wants to and she has lots of influence over men. She's respected a lot. You can't call her a limbo. I suppose I even try to imitate her image because she's got such a strong image. To have that power, that feeling of control over men is one I like to have. If you feel really confident, really good, really sexy, it's amazing the difference it makes. You can get away with murder."

Dawn is pale and wan and has the kind of thin, weak legs that speak of poverty bred in the bone. She has stringy red hair and a face that's already pinched and worn. She is wearing purple-velvet hot pants and black imitation-leather boots and a black see-through halter that looks as if she crocheted it herself. Up on the stage, Madonna slaps down half a dozen strong men in the space of one song; down here on the dirty black plastic of the real world, Dawn sits with a couple of beer-swilling louts who are ignoring her, and who don't think much of Madonna, either.

"I wouldn't marry her," says one

fellow, airily dismissing his doubtless fine chance at making a match with an international sex symbol, movie star and multimillionaire. "She's a bit of a tart."

Dawn's little dream of herself as Madonna, as forlorn a hope in life as it is real in her heart, suggests another reason for Madonna's triumph. She represents not just the sexual triumph of women over men but the promise that such a triumph can belong to Everywoman. This is of course, a lie, but it is fairly presented as such, in an act and a persona that are triumphant in their artifice. Critics look only at the trumpery of it all and see something a great deal less than art. They just don't get it. The point of Madonna's art is artifice. She is not a singer or a dancer, except incidentally. What she's really selling is herself in various tableaux of good and evil and vice and virtue. She is, not to get fancy about it, a performance artist, no less so than the chocolate-smeared Karen Finley. Unlike Finley, though, she is seeking a mass audience. And if she is to make any impact in a popular culture that every year sets new levels in reduction to the lowest possible denominator, her performance must be so crude, so trite and so exaggerated in its artifice that no one but critics can fail to get it.

At the heart of her artifice is the uniquely American gift for packaging. Some students of the phenomenon like to exaggerate Madonna's own exaggeration and say that, like Jay Gatsby, she invented and frequently reinvents herself (a beloved pop-crit notion), but this again misses the point; her permutations are variations on a theme, not metamorphoses. Reinventing yourself is dying and being reborn, not dyeing your hair. In truth, Madonna, like other artists, simply mines and refines the same material over and over, drawing from whatever wells there are within.

As it happens, the wells available to

her are hardly deeper than a puddle, and they have been plumbed many times before, but that doesn't make what's drawn from them any less real. Her performance comes from her own life, from her childhood in Michigan, from the early death of her mother and her father's betrayal by remarrying, from the conflict between her strict Catholic upbringing and her sexual desires, from her great natural hunger for attention. Her act, both on stage and off, is one long teenage dissertation on these ordinary things. She is mad at her daddy and at the nuns and the priests of her uncompromising church and at boys who want only to *fawk* you and don't even do a very good job at that. She would like, theoretically, to be loved by a good man, but so far, the good men are dull and the bad men are exciting but soon grow tiresome. She alternates from despair to rebellion to nihilism, all felt terribly, terribly deeply but not for long.

It's all banal, of course, which is exactly why it is so right. Profundity is as necessary for our popular art as is intelligence, which is to say, not at all. Warhol knew that, and so does Madonna. It is the very shallowness of her vision, and the very obviousness with which she processes herself in that vision, that makes her art accessible to the people she is trying to reach. Banality is an appropriate tone in contemplating modern life, and if the critics don't know that, Madonna does, and so do all the teenage girls who are mad at their mean daddies and their embarrassing mothers and all those nasty, unkind boys.

Indeed, banality is key. A real reinvention of self would be understandable to very few, but a dye job and a costume change are easily grasped by all. With every redo, Madonna has offered a new and improved self, but never so new that it cannot be assimilated nor so improved that it cannot be imitated. The young

woman who posed nude for photographers in 1979 and 1980 was pretty and sexy but not impossibly so. Her face still had a touch of baby fat, her body, a touch of awkwardness. The Boy Toy of a few years later was much more poised and posed but still a little pudgy, still not so impossibly beautiful that a teenager in Brooklyn or Brighton couldn't see herself in that *bustier* and miniskirt. Now she is the playgirl of the Western world, bleached and costumed and stylized and sculpted into something much larger than life but still oddly, carefully accessible. She employs cartoon effects that require almost no imagination or skill to ape. The costumes she wears are hyperbolic in their whole but commonplace in their parts. If you are a so-inclined young woman, you can find a corset and a bicycle jacket in your town. The make-up is bold and brassy and cheap, the platinum hair is known by all to come from a bottle. Any girl can buy the same. Strap on a crucifix, let the world see your bra and learn to say fawk and you, too, can become glamorous, exciting, a star. And much more: a woman—no better looking when she began than you, Dawn!—who makes the men grovel and the boys pant, a woman who calls the shots, a woman who breaks all the rules about what good girls do and gets away with it, a woman in control in a world full of rude and threatening men.

"I think women should look like her and act like her," says Dawn, groping her way through a thicket of thought. "If you dress in a way that makes you feel good about yourself, it tends to make men look at you but not bother you. If you don't look good, they bother you, because they can see that you are vulnerable. But if you are looking good, they respect you. So I personally feel I should put on lots of make-up and dress the way I do."

When the young Madonna-ettes talk, you can hear the lure and the promise of the miracle vibrate in their voices. Melanie Parson and Kelly Jeffries are 12 years old. They dress as much like Madonna as they can get away with, which is not very much. They spend three or four hours a day listening to Madonna's music and working on their Madonna scrapbooks. They are conventional middle-class girls and they will probably grow up to be conventional middle-class women and like it well enough. But tonight, under the smoggy skies of Wembley, they watch the platinum tramp up on the floodlit stage and they know that anything is possible. A new hairdo, a bit of hot lipstick, a daring dress and there is a new you, wicked and bold and remaking the world.

Why do you like Madonna, Kelly?

"She changes. She changes all the time."





"Whoever gave you that T-shirt never spent the night with you!"

MY HEAD'S still spinning," says Julie Clarke, best known for turning men's heads on the beaches of her beloved Naples, Florida. Seven months ago, she was working the phones at a local health club. Now that job's on hold. Julie—"Jules" to her friends—is living a life "that's like a fantasy vacation." Her dizzying ascent from Florida fitness buff to Playmate began when the tanned, tawny daughter of a globe-trotting G man (her dad, an FBI language specialist, sends her bikinis from Brazil) appeared at a swimwear pageant in Clearwater, looking untouchably fine. A local female-beauty inspector offered to send her picture to *Playboy*. "I said, 'Yes!' I'd always thought that if I ever had a chance to be a Playmate, you wouldn't have to ask me twice." We would have asked twice, of course, but it's lucky that we didn't have to—otherwise, you might not have met Julie yet. Relaxing beside



PRICELESS JULES

miss march dazzles her way
from coast to coast



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARMY FREYTAG



the grotto at Playboy Mansion West, Julie works on her already-perfect tan. "I'm having the time of my life," she says, plotting an assault on Los Angeles night spots with her new pal, Playmate of the Year 1990 Reneé Tenison. Famously fit—she has been known to exhaust her dance partners at Skipper's in Tampa, where the dance floor is sand—Miss March hones her figure by sweating every last fat cell into submission. Her daily "Jules and Gym" workout: half an hour climbing stairs, half an hour with free weights and "hundreds and hundreds of sit-ups." Not one to sit still, Julie is just now getting warmed up for her new full-time job, "having fun. Maybe I'll settle down when I'm thirty, but not now. Plans? Well, I think I might go skinny-dipping in the ocean—I've always wanted to do that."

Posing nude for the first time "was fun. It was even funny. I loved being in the old-time-diner scene," says Julie, laughing, "but the hot lights melted my ice-cream sundae! Do you think that picture will turn out to be too suggestive?" Noah. No way.







After a session in the gym or a midnight workout on the dance floor, Miss March looks forward to a long, luxurious massage. "When I meet a guy, I look at his hands. Big, strong hands are best," she says. "A great massage can hurt a little at first, but when all the kinks are out—that's when I feel like snuggling." Masseurs, take note: Julie's most snugglable when it's cold. "Of course, I'm a Floridian, so it doesn't have to be too cold. Maybe sixty."



MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Robert R. R.

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Julie Anne Clarke

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 8/11/71 BIRTHPLACE: Tucson, Arizona

AMBITIONS: Graduate from college; make enough money to visit Australia.

TURN-ONS: Fresh air, sunshine, animals, men with cute bums and a sense of humor!

TURN-OFFS: Wake-up calls, cocky attitudes, small crowded places, pollution, bad breath!

PEOPLE I ADMIRE: Tawny Kitaen and President Bush — because I want her hair and he has the guts to run the country!

MY MAN: He's strong but sensitive, charming and gives a great massage!

TYPICAL A.M.: Stumbling out of bed, pouring OJ on my cereal — I'm not a morning person!

PLAYBOY MEANS: Freedom to express my own sensuality!



Limerick 3 me in Georgia



13 yrs. old with my buddy René



my sexiest dress — Venus Swimsuit Pageant

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The nervous young attorney shuffled papers and tried to look busy on his first morning at the prestigious law firm. As his secretary was leading his first client into the office, the lawyer snatched up the telephone receiver and barked, "I'm sorry, but I have a tremendous caseload and won't be able to look into this for at least two months. Call me back then and I'll see what I can do."

Returning the receiver to its cradle, he turned his attention to the newcomer. "And just what can I do for you?" he asked curtly.

"Nothing," the man replied. "I'm just here to hook up your phone."

Why were men given larger brains than dogs? So they wouldn't hump women's legs at cocktail parties.



Three friends from New York decided to drive up to Canada to do some fishing. Having found a lake to their liking, the men launched their boat and headed out. After several hours, one of the men stood to reach for a beer, lost his balance and slid into the water. Twenty minutes later, his two friends noticed he was missing.

"Shit, Charley must have fallen in!" one exclaimed as he set his rod down and jumped in to search for his lost friend.

After a few dives, he dragged a soggy body up into the boat and began performing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

"Jeez, I never knew Charley had such bad breath!" the rescuer said, coming up for air.

"Yeah," said the other, "and I don't remember Charley wearing a snowmobile suit, either!"

What's the difference between cheating on your wife and cheating on your taxes? If you tell the truth about your taxes, the IRS will still want to screw you.

During the long walk home from the subway, Bruno boasted to his wife, "You know, Bertha, dogs can sense things about people. Ever notice how every time we go someplace, dogs—big dogs, small dogs, even the meanest dogs—all come up and lick my hand?"

"Maybe they wouldn't be so friendly," Bertha retorted sharply, "if you ate with a knife and fork."

A man's speech therapist suggested he take up parachuting as a way to build his self-confidence, hoping that would help cure the man's stutter.

"The moment you leave the plane," the instructor reminded his class, "start counting. When you get to three, pull the cord."

At the instructor's signal, the students began jumping from the plane. One by one, the parachutes opened. Suddenly, the stutterer went racing by everyone else at enormous speed. He was last heard saying, "T-t-t-t-t-t-t-two. . . ."

A victim of a shipwreck was washed ashore on a remote Pacific island and was immediately captured by a band of cannibals. After being tied to a stake, the hapless captive was slashed in the arms and forced to watch as the savages drank his blood.

After several days of this, the poor fellow called for the cannibal king. "You can kill me if you want to, but this torture has got to stop," he protested. "I'm tired of being stuck for the drinks!"



Parents at Beverly Hills High School were delighted to hear that the administration had added a shop class to the curriculum—until they found out that it was a field trip to Rodeo Drive.

As she lay in bed with her lover, the woman heard her husband come into the house. The lover jumped up, grabbed his pistol and hid under the bed.

"I know there's a man here!" the husband yelled. He looked on the terrace. "Not here." He looked in the bathroom. "Not here." He looked in a closet. "He's not in here." Finally, he went into the bedroom, looked under the bed, saw the man with the gun and said, "He's not under *here*, either."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Howdy, stranger. Or is it pardner?"



STEPHANIE

A HERB RITTS

P O R T F O L I O

START WITH a secluded beach, miles of white sand on Hawaii's Kona coast. Paint the sky turquoise to match the smooth Pacific. Add one of the world's most beautiful women, equal parts beauty and energy, and one of the reigning photographers of celebrity and glamour. It's the intersection of magic and technique—photographer Herb Ritts's latest exhibition, starring supermodel Stephanie Seymour. "A sea fantasy," Ritts calls it. "It's always summer on that beach. I wanted these images to suggest a timeless summer, and Stephanie was perfect. She combines a very childlike, innocent quality—like the Little



Mermaid—with a mature kind of beauty. In the modeling world, she's known for her great body, but it's what she does with that body that counts. Stephanie's sensuously creative, and she trusts me," he says. "It can be harder to make beautiful images when your model doesn't have clothes to work with. That wasn't the case in Hawaii." His mermaid agrees. "I do trust Herb," says Stephanie, who at 22 is a veteran of countless fashion shoots and three famous appearances in *Sports Illustrated's* swimsuit issue. "All alone, with no need to cover myself—this was more interesting than a fashion shoot. I could be uninhibited and free."





T

he Ritts-and-Seymour mutual-admiration society expands: "Because this was for *Playboy*, there was no commercial pressure. It wasn't about the clothes, because there were no clothes. I liked that. This was about the photographer's vision, and about *me*," says Stephanie, who earned her fame—not to mention the lust of *S.I.* readers—by looking great inside the creations of the globe's top fashion designers. "I'm delighted," Ritts says, "by the

fact that *Playboy* wanted these images—new, atypical images that would look equally good in *Playboy* or *Vogue*." As longtime fans of the women in that magazine, we must say that we can't quite imagine these photos in *Vogue*, but we think we know what he means. Beauty is, as Ritts suggests, independent of context.



Still, we're delighted to have given Stephanie Seymour, with her famous friend's help, a chance to shed the inhibitions of commerce and show our readers a supermodel in the very private, vitally personal act of modeling nothing but herself. This exhibition, like the *Cherish* video Ritts directed for his pal Madonna, is a rare commingling of talents. We think it's one of the best recent examples of the photographer's art. It is also—let's be honest—a rare chance to trump *Sports Illustrated's* near-perfect swimsuit issue (Stephanie makes her third *S.I.* splash in early February). Asked whether she has a favorite *S.I.* bikini, Stephanie says, "No. I don't think about them, I just wear them." To her, clothes are clothes. The real Stephanie Seymour, says Stephanie Seymour, is the one you see here.







S

hooting this pictorial wasn't easy. Ritts, Seymour and company had to hire a fleet of jeeps and go off road, bouncing over scrub and ancient lava, to reach their empty beach. Soon another obstacle intervened. The local kelp was all wrong. It was too stringy and thick—too ordinary—to suit Ritts's vision of "a sea goddess." As his goddess waited, he ordered a shipment of seaweed from Marina del Rey, California. "Stephanie's a trouper," he says. "She

was patient." When the California kelp arrived, it was slimy and cold. The thoroughly modern mermaid endured "two ridiculous hours," says Stephanie, smiling at the memory, while stylists festooned her with the accouterments of Venus rising from the deep. From morning until last light, she played Venus for



Ritts's lens. "Some jobs are hard work, but when you're with someone you like, there's nothing to be afraid of," she says. "That's the kind of intimacy I have with Herb. When we started this shoot, I knew it would be fun—and it was." Models are often their own toughest critics; Stephanie admits that years of seeing hyperglamorous images of herself on hundreds of glossy pages can make a woman "picky." But when she saw these photos, "I fell in love with them. They were creative and different. They were . . . beautiful." Looking back on his idyl with Stephanie, Ritts cites a singular detail: "Her eyes. In different lights, they change color, from blue to green." Asked what makes a supermodel super, Ritts says, "I can answer that in two words—Stephanie Seymour."







GEORGE JETSON, EAT YOUR HEART OUT!

HOME, SMART HOME



XCITING ADVANCEMENTS in home electronics in recent years have led to a host of new products designed to transform even the humblest home into a technological wonderland. High-I.Q. television sets, VCRs and stereo equipment—even tiny black

boxes that virtually run the house—these indentured electronic servants provide preprogrammed, mixed-media, multiroom audio and video entertainment, and they perform such mundane tasks as opening the door, lighting the fire and drawing the bath. Sorry, you'll still have to peel your own grapes.

If you'd like to give your home added brain power, read on for some great ideas. We've covered some of the best and brightest products on the market, as well as explored efforts being made in this country and abroad to create homes so smart they seem more the stuff of science fiction than of real-world ingenuity.

HOME IS WHERE THE SMART IS

A dream house is growing in the Pacific Northwest, near Seattle. It's a multimillion-dollar palace (with a 28-car underground garage!) for one of the heaviest hitters in computer software, Microsoft's William Gates III. True to his stature and vision, Gates is investing a bundle on computerized systems to automate his sophisticated dwelling. Reportedly, electronic wands will be issued to each visitor as a means of unlocking doors and systems—and as a way of keeping in touch with guests. An electronic library of thousands of CD-ROM disks will be accessible at audio/video stations integrated into every room. Project designers have been told to avoid whimsical, world's-fair-style, home-of-the-future gimmickry such as robots that serve tea.

Meanwhile, on the opposite shore, the National Association of Home Builders and The Smart House Limited Partnership, a for-profit organization based in Maryland, are

m o d e r n l i v i n g • B y J O N A T H A N T A K I F F



working with a consortium of utility companies and household-product manufacturers to build a prototype home of the future with modern electronic conveniences specified on the blueprint. Key features in the works include energy-saving heating systems, burglar alarms, lawn sprinklers and kitchen appliances operated via a centralized computer. Eventually, they'd like to develop a complete line of home appliances that carry their own Smart House brand endorsement. To date, investments in the project have totaled \$60,000,000, with no firm completion date in sight.

Atlanta home buyers will soon have the chance to bid on the nation's first Electric Smart House, a 3000-square-foot single-family dwelling that's expected to sell for about \$300,000. One of the home's key selling points is its high-tech heating-and-cooling system, which in conjunction with other energy-saving devices is estimated to cut utility costs by as much as 50 percent annually. Computer touch screens built into the walls of the home enable the owners to control energy consumption as well as monitor security and home-entertainment systems, plus an abundance of standard household appliances. Special living moods also have been programmed into the touch screens—choose "Romantic Evening," for example, and the lights dim, the shades draw and sexy music filters through the audio system. This home of the future is the result of a \$2,000,000 investment by the electric-utility industry and is the first of many Smart Houses planned for major markets throughout the country.

Comparatively speaking, Master-voice's five-pound Butler-in-a-Box Home Environmental Control System seems a steal at \$3000 to \$5000, installed. Recognizing four voices in any language and responding with gentlemanly grace ("As you wish, sir"), this computerized Godfrey can be programmed to take charge of dozens of appliances. Besides accepting voice (and touch) commands, the Butler takes cues from preset internal timers. For example, you can say "Good morning" and Butler-in-a-Box will turn up the heat, click on the TV, illuminate the bathroom and start brewing your coffee. Return home from a long, hard day at the office, say "Help!" and the Butler will draw the curtains, put on soothing music and bubble up the whirlpool. Murmur "Good night" and it will gently play out a complex bedtime scenario, from checking that the front door is double-locked to heating your electric blanket or adjusting the air conditioning.

The plucky Butler also works overtime as a hands-free telephone and security guard. If an interloper's voice print doesn't satisfy the Butler, it will go into action—blinking the house lights, triggering an alarm and calling the police. If the Butler's robotic English accent seems too wimpy, you can reprogram its voice box to question an intruder the way Bart Simpson might: "I'm [your name]. Who the hell are you?"

MULTIROOM SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Not all of us can afford to elevate our homes to genius status, but that doesn't mean we can't invest in a few smart items to make our place seem sexier and more magical.

Take your entertainment system, for example. Why buy individual VCRs and stereo equipment for different rooms when you can install a single system that will carry sight and sound to television sets and speakers throughout most of your home? From Bose to Carver and Sharp to Soundstream, a growing number of audio/video manufacturers are developing affordable multiroom audio/video entertainment systems that can be customized to your listening and viewing whims.

The Danish manufacturer Bang & Olufsen has been creating whole-house, one-brand audio installations for more than a decade. Its Beosystem 6500 component system or Beocenter 9500 integrated audio system, combined with a new remote-control system with master links, offers state-of-the-art multiroom entertainment that's simple to operate and great to look at.

Aside from accepting basic commands such as signaling the VCR to record while you're away from home, the remote control enables you to program a CD player to awaken you in the morning, switch from one source to another automatically and even score an entire party's musical environment. You can program an easy-listening radio station to play in the living room when the gang arrives, a classical CD to season dinner, something jazzy and low to go with the after-dinner drinks and a rock tape to accompany late-night dancing in the den or on the patio. Best of all, not only is the remote control easy to operate but remote commands can be issued from satellite listening/viewing stations elsewhere in the house. You just point an infrared controller at a Beo-linked TV or a wall-mounted sensor. A four-room hookup starts from \$4000, excluding link wiring and labor.

Nakamichi, another leader in home-audio design, recently unveiled a new

line of products especially suited to multiroom entertainment. Its cornerstone is the Nakamichi Receiver1 that sells for about \$900. Aside from boasting 80-watts-per-channel power, this high-end component comes with a hand-held remote that operates as many as six inputs and ten AM/FM memory presets. When hooked up to optional sensors, Receiver1 can send control signals to as many as three rooms.

If you're considering Nakamichi's multiroom audio system, check out its new top-of-the-line CDPlayer2 (\$649), featuring the ingenious MusicBank System. Its internal mechanism stores as many as seven discs, and loads, inserts and unloads them via a single-disc tray. This unique engineering marries the perfect sound of a single-disc player with the smooth performance of a traditional multidisc unit.

If all you desire is to switch a stereo's program source or lower the volume from another room, Pioneer is now manufacturing a full line of rack systems and audio receivers with remote commands for as little as \$300. The gear can be activated from more than one room when you wire the receiver to a signal-relay system. Onkyo and Sony also market close variations of receivers that can be controlled from a distance.

But Pioneer's top-end VSX-D1S audio/video receiver with Dolby Pro-logic Surround Sound (\$1350) is a breed apart. Whereas other systems send a single signal from room to room, the VSX-D1S has enough power and versatility to enable you to pump two sound sources to different locations simultaneously. That means Aerosmith can be playing in the living room while Lyle Lovett makes sonic moves in the bedroom.

All of the previous installations call for hard wiring that must be threaded through the walls. But now a whole slew of FCC-approved wireless home-video broadcasting systems are surfacing from Gemini Rabbit, Vidicraft, Fox Electronics, Universal Security and Remex, among others. These clever signal-distributing devices transmit good color pictures and decent monaural sound to TV sets and stereo speakers 100 to 150 feet from the program source—be it a VCR, a camcorder, a video disc or a TV monitor—using either airwaves or the A.C. wiring as the signal conduit. Prices range from \$100 to \$150.

INTELLIGENT VIDEO

Tired of setting your VCR to record *M*A*S*H* reruns at 2:30 A.M. and
(continued on page 160)

SMART HOME

(continued from page 126)

ending up with nothing but electronic snow? Now there's a smart new breed of VCRs that speak your language—literally. A computer-synthesized voice box on the remote control of Optonica VCRs, for example, guides you through a recording agenda with commands such as "Enter the channel . . . now the start time. . . ."

Another smart VCR, the Panasonic SA-VHS PV-S4986 (\$1099), accepts operating instructions via a touch-tone telephone, so there's no need to miss a single episode of *Twin Peaks* if you go out on the town and forget to set your machine. Voice guidance and confirmation guarantee you won't come home to a blank tape.

Supersmart 27-to-35-inch televisions by JVC boast powers of deductive reasoning almost good enough to earn them admission to law school. These "artificial intelligence" TVs sample and learn the primary user's viewing habits, then click on with a customized schedule of preferred programming. Say, news at six, music videos at seven, a request movie channel or sports event at eight and, of course, *Playboy at Night* later in the evening. Even the volume is auto-modulated to the ideal listening level for each show. JVC's smart sets also store as many as five preset channels for a list of programming categories, such as movies or news, and enable users to call up six of a kind in rapid succession or with a single multi-image screen display.

PHONE NETWORKING 1991

You wouldn't open your front door before finding out who's there, so why shouldn't you have the option of knowing who's calling on your phone before you pick it up? That's the rationale for Caller ID—the top of the CLASS (Custom Local Area Signaling Services) now extending across the country from phone companies equipped with digital switching facilities.

After signing up for the service (it's about seven dollars per month), you plug in a special Caller ID phone, such as the Northern Telecom Maestro (\$160), or add a small telephone accessory unit from Colonial Data Technologies, Bell Atlantic, Bell South, AT&T or Lynx Automation (\$59 to \$129). On all Caller ID products, a liquid-crystal display reveals the number from which an incoming call is originating as the phone is ringing. These smart devices also offer recall at the touch of a button.

Some are arguing that Caller ID is an

invasion of privacy, since the service exposes unlisted phone numbers. Telephone companies can shield callers with an I.D. block.

Other new species of smart phones talk to one another in ways that avoid extra installations and monthly carrying charges. The AT&T Intercom Speakerphone, for example, delivers paging and intercom operations to your existing one-line system. And Phonex has developed a system that loops incoming calls through your home's electrical wiring to special phone taps installed on power outlets. Adding or moving a phone (or a fax or answering machine) becomes as simple as plugging in a Phonex adapter and any conventional phone product. A starter set for one phone is about \$150.

Want to pretend you're sweating at the office when you're really chilling at the beach? Panasonic has a nifty two-line phone, the KX-T2740 (\$260), with the brains to forward incoming calls or messages to a designated number. There also are a growing number of cordless phones that pack an answering machine into the base. On the Panasonic KX-T4200 (\$210), you can monitor incoming messages from the cordless handset and then cut in if you want to.

Now, if only designers could come up with an electronic phone surrogate that confidently calls forbiddingly beautiful women for dates or deals with mundane matters so we could tackle more important concerns. Anyone seen that grape peeler?

LOOKING AHEAD

Just around the corner is a new generation of smart appliances that instinctively talk and tend to one another without requiring a central computer to call the shots. Imagine a microwave oven taking programming instructions from phone tones—or even off a bar code imprinted on a food package. Envision a clothes drier delivering a message to a TV screen when the load's done.

Future audio receivers and television sets will lower the volume the instant a phone rings. If the water pressure drops severely when you turn on the shower, other appliances that use water will instantly pause. After a power outage, one battery-operated master clock will automatically reset every digital clock in the house so you'll never again have to stare down a blinking 12:00.

More than 30 major manufacturers (among them Matsushita, Sony and Thomson) will drive this smart-home revolution. They have united behind a newly standardized communication interface called CEBus and are rushing to bring out compatible products that they

hope will render obsolete almost everything electric we now own. CEBus appliances will speak a universal language over the home's highways—traveling through the A.C. power lines, phone wiring, low-power radio, infrared light, coaxial TV cable or combinations there-

of. Most likely, you'll control the system via an infrared remote device pointed at a TV screen. Who knew the boob tube would grow to be so bright?

Smart appliances can't give us the meaning of life. But these talkative power tools are sure to improve the quality

of living—spreading pleasure everywhere, simplifying mundane chores, offering control over our domain, if not our destiny.

"Open the bay doors, HAL. . ."



TRON: THE JAPANESE INTELLIGENT HOUSE



LESS THAN A MILE from the clubs and discos of Tokyo's Roppongi district is an elegant two-story house. From the outside, there is little to distinguish it from the neighboring buildings. But three days a week, when it's open to the public, the year-old home draws a crowd any club owner would envy.

The TRON (The Real-time Operating-system Nucleus) Intelligent House is a \$7,000,000 experiment in advanced technology. Not just a showcase for high-tech gadgetry, it's a demonstration of how electronic sensors, appliances, personal computers, lights, climate-control equipment and other devices can work in fully automated harmony to simplify our lives.

The mastermind behind the system is Ken Sakamura, a 39-year-old associate professor of information science at the University of Tokyo. What this technology whiz considers a computer goes far beyond the familiar basic box and keyboard. With computing power being built into everything from microwave ovens to VCRs, Sakamura says, we now have a wide range of intelligent objects that could effectively exchange information if properly interconnected.

Although the TRON house is one of the most advanced home-automation systems in the world, one would never know it from appearances. The interior reflects the spare, clean lines of contemporary Japanese architecture. Wood and natural fabrics in neutral colors exude warmth. One side of the house is given over to a spectacular plant-filled atrium. Yet no effort has been spared to keep this home front comfortable. Sensors monitor temperature, humidity, air flow, human presence and even carbon-dioxide levels inside the house. If skies are clear and temperatures fair, the atrium windows open for fresh air and the HVAC (heating, ventilation and air conditioning) shuts off. At the first drop of rain, windows close and the HVAC establishes an optimum temperature based on the occupants' activities. Reading a book under bright lights will prompt the temperature to decrease a few degrees; watching television in the dark will raise it slightly.

Ultimately, the TRON house was designed for comfort and convenience. If one chooses to dim the lights, not every lamp must be adjusted individually. All features within a room—lighting, temperature, even curtains—can be controlled from a single centralized wall switch.

Other controls protect the entire house—and its owner. An "out" mode sets the burglar alarm and turns the entrance lights on when it gets dark. In a "good night" mode, infrared lights detect when someone gets up in the middle of the night and respond by switching on subdued lighting to guide the way.

The entire system is programmed and users can change the instructions from any of the home's three personal computers. To override the program—keep the windows open, even—just hit a wall switch.

Computers also add new convenience to a number of old pleasures, such as taking a bath. Housed in a luxurious

cypress-paneled room, the whirlpool-fitted bath can be programmed to be filled and waiting at any time and at any temperature. Different temperatures can be programmed for different users. An adjoining herb-fragrant sauna features similar programmable controls.

For home entertainment, not only does this house have the latest gear but it's all laced into highly synchronized networks. Video signals from any of seven cameras, VCRs or laser-disc players inside the house, or from television, satellite or cable stations outside, can be viewed on any of the home's 33 television monitors. A person watching a movie can periodically check on someone in another room or see who's at the door just by switching channels. The monitors also can display information such as lighting scenarios, room temperature and humidity, outdoor weather conditions and utility use.

The video system also plays a role in keeping things organized. An automated storage system takes gym-locker-sized bins from four access ports on the first and second floors to and from the basement. Video cameras mounted above the ports record what's loaded into each bin and keep an inventory, which can be viewed on any monitor.

Audio signals also can be routed to any room in the house via its intercom, FM receiver or ten-disc CD player. The living room and one of the bedrooms are fitted with speakers to take advantage of a digital signal processor that can mimic the acoustics of 16 settings, from a large concert hall to a movie theater.

In the kitchen, a computer-controlled laser-disc player is linked to the oven and cooking rings. Discs guide chefs through meal preparation, controlling cooking temperatures and times for perfect results.

The emphasis of the TRON house is on whole-house automation. But more specialized intelligent equipment is included throughout to increase comfort and efficiency. A sensor-controlled watering system keeps the atrium green and a high-frequency sound generator keeps it pest-free. Lights on the dressing table can be set at the level of a typical office, night club or restaurant. With the press of a button, the bathroom faucet can be adjusted to provide just the right amount of water to wash your face or brush your teeth. There's even a toilet that checks the user's pulse and blood pressure and performs a basic urinalysis.

Although the TRON house has taken home electronics beyond most normal expectations, it is just the first step in Sakamura's long-range plans. Using the home as their laboratory, he and electronics manufacturers are working together to develop a line of products built specifically for whole-house automation, as well as to explore the possibility of extending the TRON network outside the home. The information collected by the intelligent john, for example, could be relayed directly to a doctor's computer.

Ultimately, Sakamura sees networks of intelligent objects encompassing regions and entire countries in an effort to improve world-wide communications. How's that for reaching out and touching someone?

—DENNIS NORMILE

GRAPEVINE

The Cats in the Hats

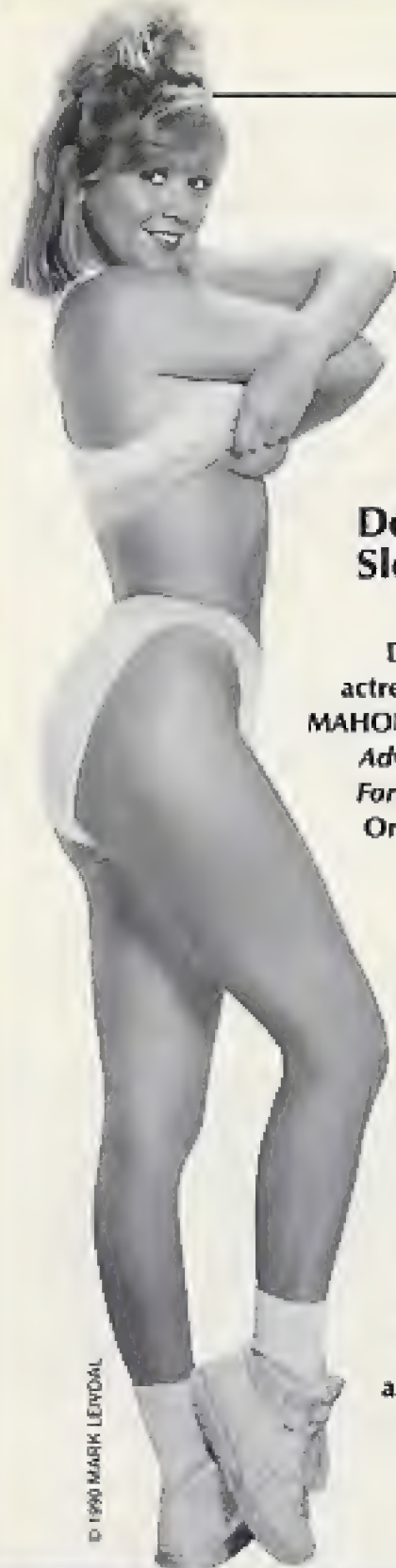
They're blues legend WILLIE DIXON (left) and musician pal DR. JOHN, hanging out backstage at the Benson & Hedges Blues Festival. The Doctor collaborated with the late Art Blakey on the hot jazz LP *Bluesiana Triangle*, and the original Hoochie Coochie Man co-wrote and sang *Long Legged Goddess* on Willi Jones's recent debut album. Singing the blues is still good news.



PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

LeeAnn Does Her Sleight of Hand

Did you see actress LEEANN MAHONEY in *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane*? Or in the episode of *Cheers* when Sam got the measles? We're proud to have LeeAnn holding up her corner of *Grapevine* with a grin and a touch of skin.



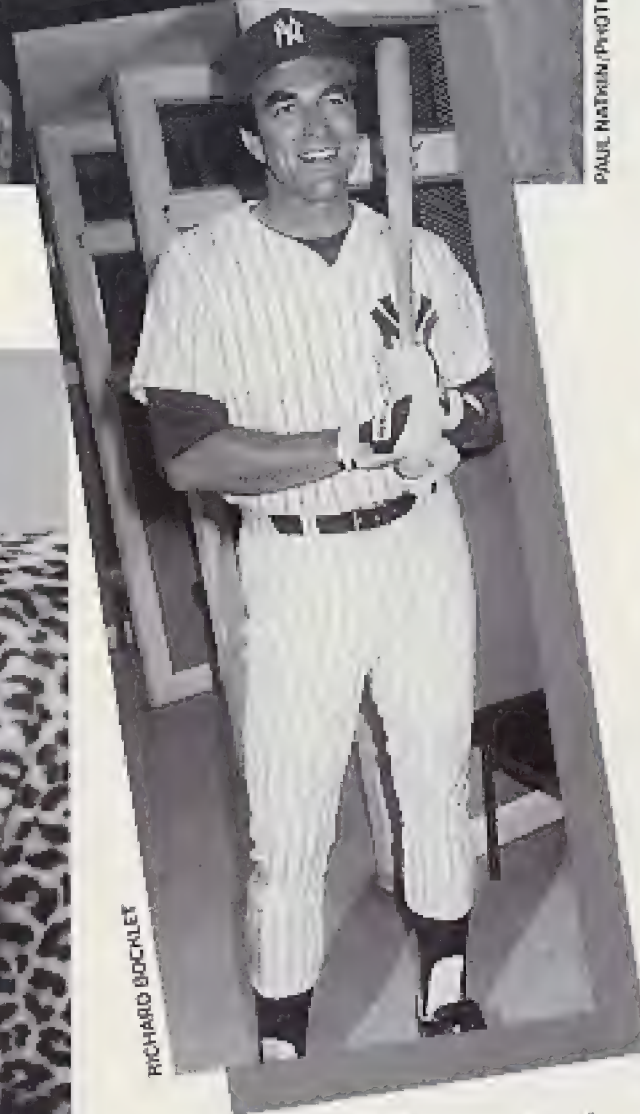
© 1990 MARK LEVYDAL

Caution: Curves

Actress SUSAN PETRICONE worked behind the cameras on Arnold Schwarzenegger's current pic, *Kindergarten Cop*. Here, she gives us the soft shoulder.



© 1990 MARK LEVYDAL



RICHARD BOCKLEY

A Bat, a Ball and Some Gall

The Yankees need help, but this is ridiculous! TOM SELLECK is suited up for *Tokyo Diamond*, in which he plays an on-the-skids ballplayer. Sounds like a real Yankee.

© SUE PLUMMER



Better Dread than Dead

Have you checked out DREAD ZEPPELIN? It plays old Led Zep songs to a reggae beat and the lead singer looks like Elvis during his Las Vegas days. Whole lotta love, mon.

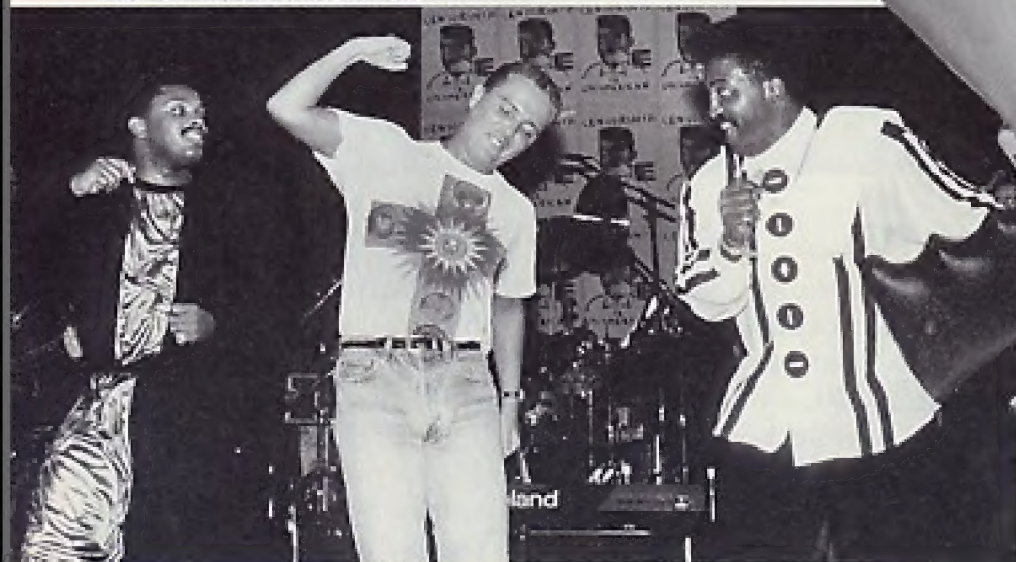
PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



Sudden Stop . . .

is the name of rocker COLIN JAMES's new LP, not the state of his career. Opening for Robert Plant's U.K. tour and duetting with Bonnie Raitt on vinyl, Colin pulls out all the stops.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



There Was (Not Wasn't) a Party Going On

Was (Not Was) singers DONALD RAY MITCHELL (left) and SIR HARRY BOWENS (right) took the stage with Tears for Fears' CURT SMITH at the Was record-debut party for *Are You Okay?*

Sea Nymph

There's more to diving than fish and shipwrecks. TRACY MILLHOLLON, for example: She is an actress/correspondent on TV's *Scuba World*. Want more? Get Tracy's video *Dream of a Mermaid* and blow bubbles at home.



DOUGLAS MAGBY

NEW LANDSCAPE

In December's *Christmas Gift Guide*, we featured a signed sterling-silver puzzle titled *Landscape Variations* by renowned sculptor Richard Hunt. Priced at \$1500, it was a great buy that was bound to go up in value. But if your bank balance is on the small side, you can own the 8 1/4" x 8 1/4" puzzle nestled in a walnut base and not have to hock your Rolex to do so. The bronze version pictured here is available for \$160, postpaid, by calling 800-345-6066 and asking for item HK-3198. They're selling fast.



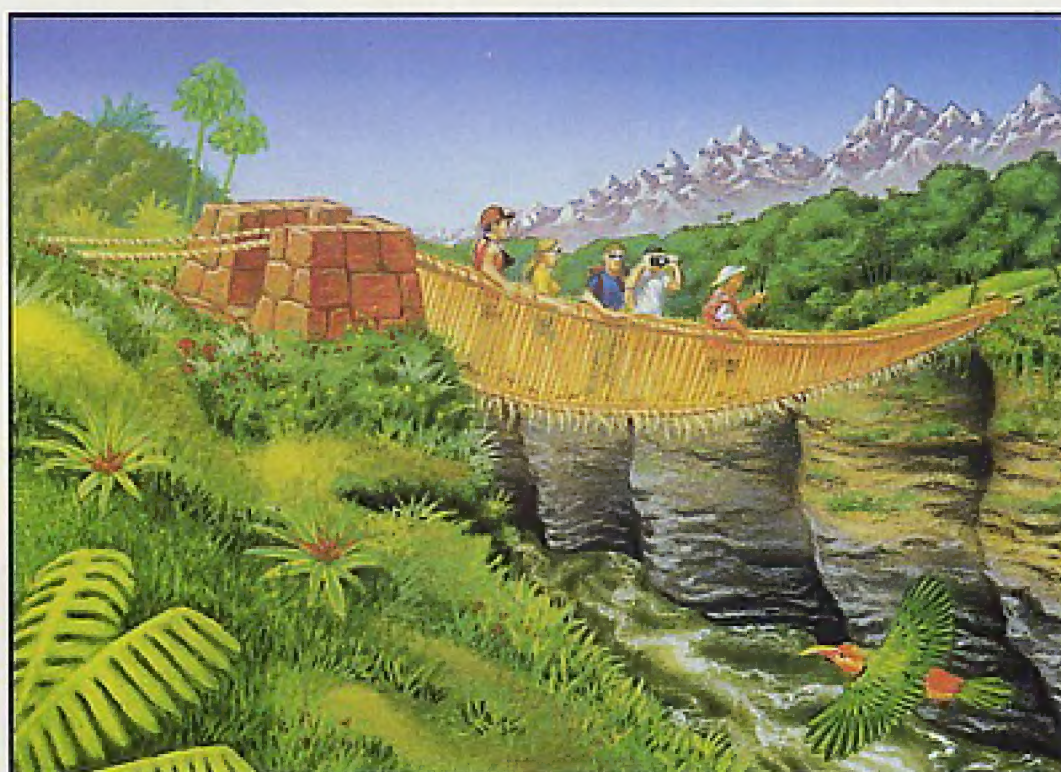
JOLLY GOOD LISTEN

P. G. Wodehouse may have gone to that great Drones Club in the sky, but his most beloved characters, Jeeves and Bertie Wooster, live on in a new one-hour audio tape, *Jeeves Takes Charge*, read by Edward Duke. (The selections are from Duke's triumphant Wodehouse stage tour in which he played all the characters.) The price: \$8.50, postpaid, from Buckingham Classics, P.O. Box 597441, Chicago 60659. If Wodehouse isn't your cuppa, old bean, Buckingham also offers a tape of *Fanny Hill*.



GET SCREWDEVEILED

We seldom feature fishing lures in *Potpourri*, but when you chance upon one named Screwdevil and when the company that manufactures it also sells T-shirts picturing "The Original Screwdevil" and Old Scratch himself, well, you just go to the Devil. D and N Enterprises, P.O. Box 473, Whitewater, Wisconsin 53190, markets the Screwdevil lures for \$3.95 each, postpaid. But the T-shirts are what most of D and N's customers are hooked on. They are available in sizes small through extra large for \$13.95, postpaid. D and N claims that its lures "do catch fish." Think we'll bite?



INCA DO

If you've followed the sun from Agadès to Zamboanga and are still seeking new worlds to conquer, do we have a destination for you! Hanns Ebensten Travel, Inc., 513 Fleming Street, Key West, Florida 33040, is offering 12 adventurous travelers the chance to visit remote Vilcabamba, Peru, the last refuge of the Incas. The tour, July 14 to 26, which costs \$3645 per person, not including air fare, begins in Lima. Then it's on to Cuzco and the ruins of Vilcabamba, where you'll camp for two nights. From there, you proceed to such name-droppable nirvanas as Nusta Hispanan, Quillabamba, Machu Picchu and Cuzco again. Just hope that someone at the office asks what you did on your summer vacation.

MAD AVE GOES TO THE DOGS

Buster Brown's four-footed friend, Tige, and RCA's cocked-headed Nipper weren't the only spokesdogs to become howling successes. In the \$12.95 softcover *The Dog Made Me Buy It!*, by Alice L. Muncaster and Ellen Sawyer, ads for Great Dane coal, St. Bernard sardines and Greyhound moving vans are depicted among 130 photos of dogs in advertising.



INSIDE LOOK AT LONDON

You don't have to be an Anglophile to lose yourself in *London Living Style*, a Rizzoli coffee-table book containing 250 color photos of such diverse residences as an artist's studio in Kentish Town and a town house in Belgravia. There are shots of foyers, bedrooms and kitchens. The price: \$40. Not into London? Rizzoli's companion book, *At Home in France*, also \$40, takes you from a Paris *pied-à-terre* to a country château. *Très bien.*



POWA PLAY

PowaKaddy Remote, "the world's first remote-controlled golf caddie," is about to emerge from the clubhouse to accompany well-heeled duffers over hill and dale. No, it won't throw clubs into the air the way the cart in *Caddyshack* did, but users will be able to guide the battery-powered PowaKaddy from hole to hole via a hand-held control. When fully charged, the unit—which will sell for about \$1400—is good for 18 holes. For more information, call PowaKaddy USA, Inc., at 800-648-7222. Play through!



ALL THAT JAZZ!

The first general-merchandise catalog geared to the jazz community is out and you'll find plenty of jazzy stuff in its 41 pages—including videos, books, CDs, audio cassettes, posters, postcards, photoprints, T-shirts and much more. The price is only two dollars sent to The Jazz Store, 333-L Beech Avenue, Garwood, New Jersey 07027. Or if you really have the hots for some very cool sounds or merchandise, there's also a phone service: 201-233-9529 is the number to note.

PRINTS CHARMING

Seen a poster or a reproduction of a work of art that you can't live without? Contact Print Finders, a service that researches and quotes the price of the picture you're seeking. All you do is supply Print Finders with the name of the artist and the title of the image and they'll let you know its availability, size and cost. (Print Finders sells the image at retail, without adding a search fee.) Their address is 15 Roosevelt Place, Scarsdale, New York 10583. The Wagon-Bar poster pictured here is only \$40. Nice.



NEXT MONTH



SPRING BREAK



AUTO REPORT



UNCLE ANDY



WOMEN'S WOMEN

"UNCLE ANDY GEE'S FAREWELL SHOW"—IT SURE AIN'T **HOWDY DOODY** TIME WHEN A SMALL TV STATION'S TERMINALLY ILL KIDS'-SHOW HOST ASKS TO TAPE HIS ULTIMATE FAREWELL—FICTION BY **STEPHEN RANDALL**

"POACHING"—YOUNGER WOMEN, OLDER MEN. ONCE CALLED CRADLE ROBBING, THIS GAME OF SEXUAL MUSICAL CHAIRS MAY JUST BE DEVELOPING INTO THE DATING TREND OF THE NINETIES. FOR THOSE WHO DARE, *PLAYBOY* EXPLORES THE PLEASURES AND PERILS OF THE SPORT WITH THE POACHERS AND THEIR POACHEES—BY **DAVID SEELEY**

"CALL OF THE WILD"—GET SET FOR THE NEXT REVOLUTION: IT'S ABOUT HANGING TOUGH WHILE STAYING SENSITIVE. A VIEW OF THE NINETIES MALE—BY MEN COLUMNIST **ASA BABER**

"GIVE US A BREAK!"—ENJOY THE SIGHTS OF AN UNRESTRAINED AND UNIQUELY AMERICAN BACCHANALIAN FREE-FOR-ALL AS OUR PHOTOGRAPHERS HIT SPRING'S HOTTEST SPOTS: EAST, WEST AND DOWN TO THE GULF OF MEXICO

"IS STEVE MARTIN A NATIONAL TREASURE?"—IN A DOZEN GREAT FUNNYMAN ROLES, AMONG THEM

A MODERN-DAY *CYRANO DE BERGERAC*, A JERK, A ROCK DENTIST, A PRIVATE EYE AND A LONELY GUY, MARTIN HAS DEMONSTRATED WHY HE MAY BE THE GREATEST COMIC GENIUS SINCE CHAPLIN. A *PLAYBOY* PROFILE BY **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

"THE WITLESS PROTECTION PROGRAM"—WHEN CAREER CRIMINALS JOIN FORCES WITH THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TO COMBAT CRIME, MAYHEM RESULTS. WELCOME TO THE WITNESS-SECURITY PROGRAM: NO BAD DEED GOES UNREWARDED—BY **T. J. ENGLISH**

MARTIN SCORSESE, OUR MOST PROVOCATIVE COMMERCIAL DIRECTOR, WHOSE FILMS INCLUDE *TAXI DRIVER*, *RAGING BULL*, *THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST* AND *THE KING OF COMEDY*, COULD TAKE AN OSCAR FOR *GOODFELLAS*. HE GOES OFF CAMERA, AND ON THE RECORD, IN AN INTENSE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW

PLUS: *PLAYBOY* PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN OF WOMEN'S COLLEGES IN A VERY SPECIAL NEWS-MAKING PICTORIAL; YOU WON'T NEED THAT CRYSTAL BALL TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF WHAT'S IN VOGUE WHEN YOU CHECK OUT **"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST,"** BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; **KEN GROSS** REVVVS UP **"PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT";** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE